

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. II. No. 52.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

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Counsellour for North-Western America.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



"BACK TO JESUS."

Dedicated to our Lost but Still-Loved Comrades, the Backsliders, with the Earnest Prayer that this Summer's Campaign will see them all Back to the Saviour's Fold.





## "Through an Awful Hell":

Or, An Ex-Officers' Despairing Confession.

(From a recent letter to the Commissioner.)

I FEAR, that I am the most wretched being on earth to-day.

I once was a true Salvationist, fighting for God and souls.

I was at one time an Officer in your ranks.

How happy I was working for Jesus!

I loved my work, I loved souls, I loved the Officers I was with.

How it happened I cannot tell. Oh, the sorrow I feel to think I disobeyed God!

At that time God's Spirit strove with me, but I did not yield; I felt little by little I had become an open book.

The awful hell I have passed through is more than I can tell. The grief, the shame, the loneliness, the despair; oh, how God's Spirit is made manifest!

All hope has seemingly gone from me. All Heaven seems shut up against me. All is dark, oh, so dark!

I am almost in despair.

My heart seems as stone.

What I might have been if I had been true to my vows, I do not know.

I once was a true Salvationist, fighting for God and souls. I might have brought to many a one. But all seems lost!

How bad I feel! My heart is broken, if heart I have.

How I would like to warn all the Officers, Soldiers and converts to be true to God, the Army, their vows. Oh! to be true!

If God has called you, obey!

If you are an Officer, follow Jesus. Don't, oh don't, do what I have done, for God will not always strive with you.

I would ask for the prayers of the whole Army that God will lay His hand on me and make me a true Salvationist.

I want you to pray for me, I want you to be true to God, the Army, their vows.

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## JESSIE: Or, The Evolution of a Salvation Army Heroine.

By CAPTAIN S. E. OTTAWAY.

SHE SAW HER FIRST at the door of the Quarters, as I opened it in response to a gentle knock.

We were the new Officers, and Jessie was one of our new Soldiers. She had come to give us a welcome to the town of W.

I had in neatly-fitting black garments, with a plain sailor hat, I thought plain enough for a Salvationist, but where is her badge, and why didn't she wear a bonnet? But I'll wait and see!

She seated herself by the partly unpacked trunk, and talked as we hung up motives, put a picture here and drove a nail there.

Before she left I had arrived at two or three conclusions, viz., she was very particular about some things; she had a very tender conscience, and I strongly suspected a very tender heart. She knew how to work (a very useful thing for a Salvationist to know) She was getting on in her soul and she was a Candidate.

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## CHAPTER II.

ONE DAY, perhaps a week later, I was passing down one of the streets of N—, to N—.

I saw a man in a Central Methodist Church, then a large brick dwelling, with a neatly-kept lawn, and a low iron fence shutting it off the street.

"This is Jessie's home," said my companion.

"Indeed," I replied, "we must call on her; do her friends need us to the meeting?"

"No! no! the only Salvationist in the family!"

I came to another conclusion: "Then this, probably, was the reason she was not a badge or bonnet; perhaps it was not all smooth sailing at home."

I went to her house, and Miss John said, "We will call on her at one time been Mayor of the thriving town of N—; but about three years previous he had resigned office, and had opened a large carriage business, and was very highly esteemed by the townspeople as a good, straightforward man. A strict Presbyterian himself, and his family to be the name. (However had his daughter come to be a Salvationist?)"

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## CHAPTER III.

It happened something like this: Jessie, with a number of others, went, out of curiosity, to see and hear these most peculiar people.

She was attracted, and more than that, convinced.

Now, I'm not prepared to say if it all happened in that meeting, in one of those meetings, she saw her own position clearly, she knew if she obeyed the Spirit's promptings, she would go to the penitential form; she would tell God to her to go and work for Him. But oh, what that all involved, she well understood.

It was too much.

The cross was too heavy.

She could not; no, she would not, and so she drew back, and the Holy Spirit was fought and driven.

She continued to come to the meetings, seldom her place was empty; the second cent in the centre aisle, and she was called "Miss John's new," and to tell you the truth, for this is a true story—she was not always a blessing, for though kindhearted, she was naturally a critic and her keen appreciation of the comical sometimes caused the fearful "new beginner" to feel that he or she was the cause of the trouble, and that she was not visible upon her face. Nevertheless, the Officers had much reason to feel grateful to her, for many a time the road so much needed found its way to the quarters just in time, and many a donation dropped on the plate or pressed into the hand of the minister when there was such urgent demand for it.

Her sympathy was practical, and when the Officers found an hour to spare, it was all hers.

But how the Captain and Lieutenant, as they succeeded each other, longed and prayed for her.

"Will she ever get right?" they sometimes asked themselves, and then faithfully tried again, and pointed out to her the sin in withholding herself from God, Did she heed?

Did she feel convicted?

She said, she never manifested it.

"Poor John's new," they would say, for they couldn't help loving her.

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## CHAPTER IV.

SEVEN YEARS ROLLED BY.

To all outside appearances Jessie was the same.

Ah! only God and herself knew the perfect storm of rebellion carried on in that heart, so effectively covered by a smiling face.

Then came a Sunday afternoon meeting,

nothing out of the ordinary, yet a meeting destined to be a very extraordinary one in the life of one girl present.

Jessie was in her "new."

Mother!—a real woman of God, kind, wise, and full of grace.

"Ah! Jessie, now the crisis has come: now or never; what will you do? you must decide now."

Oh, the struggle, the fierce combat with the enemy of her soul!

"Oh, God!" she groaned in spirit, "Oh, God, help me now!" and she jumped to her feet.

"Oh, God, help me now!" she cried, "Oh, God, help me now!" she exclaimed fervently.

Startled, Mother—sprang to one side. She darted past her, and fell at the penitential form.

"Glory!" shouted the Captain.

"Hallelujah!" "Amen!" cried the Soldiers.

And Jessie prayed, and the language of her conversion was this:

"Jesus, Thy steps I'll tread, to rescue men from woe.

Though every step with blood be red, forsooth, Thy path I'll go.

And the blessed Jesus met with her and accepted the consecration, and the conflict was over, the tempest was past.

She rested in Jesus, she rested at last: The billows that filled her poor soul with

Were hushed at His Word into stillness and calm.

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CHAPTER V.

"WELL," I do declare, Miss Johns has joined the Army!" exclaimed Dame Gossett, as she saw Miss John walk to the Army penitential form yesterday.

Was soon followed by "Miss Johns walked with the Army folks last night; there were only four, and she helped carry the drum."

"Oh! it was a strange step indeed!" so thought and remarked acquaintances and friends.

But to the credit of the worthy Doctor T—, of her father's church, let it be said, he counselled her that if led into the Army of God, to forward in his warfare. This she did and her days of Soldiership were bright and victorious.

If she had cheered the Officers before by her life, she brought comfort and blessing now.

She soon changed her "new" for one on the platform, and it became an established fact that Miss Johns was a Salvationist. More than that, it was rumoured she was going to be an Officer.

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Now, some of our readers may have the idea that like so many heroines, "she was happy ever after"; but my heroine is a "flesh and blood one"; she lives to-day, and she will, and she always will.

Jessie had fought with the devil and she became a Soldier. One of her crosses was to testify in public.

She always felt, and she is insufficient; but the Lord taught her a beautiful lesson one day she will never forget.

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She was very busy one morning in her home; the birds at the clock pointed out nearly the hour of noon, when a rap at the door caused her to turn; there was a very excited woman in the open doorway.

"Is this Miss John's?" she enquired.

"Yes," Jessie replied.

"Well, Mrs. T— is very sick, and she wants to see you."

"Me?" cried Jessie, "what can I do? I'm not acquainted with her."

"Well, you must come at once! Don't stop to put on your apron, she wants you to pray for her. And she was gone."

Jessie lost no time in following her, although she couldn't help thinking there must be a mistake, and wondering what she could say to a dying woman.

Early she said she lifted her heart to God for wisdom and guidance.

Arrived at the house, she was ushered into the room of the sick lady.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came!" and the poor ailing lady brightened as she smiled her welcome.

"Do you know I have watched you pass and repass on your way to and from your meetings, and I knew you were good."

Then they talked of God's goodness, and from the sick woman came the story of the past, her backsliding from God, and how she had found her way back to Him, and how she had marked out for a path she was sure of, and how she had found the happiness it had brought her.

"But," she finished up with, "I've come to feel that I'm so far from Him, I'm so sorry, I can't say if I shall ever get better, but I'm satisfied to abide by what he thinks best." And Jessie had there and then, passing out her whole heart, and They parted.

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CHAPTER VI.

AS THE Captain was about to close the

meeting that night, a detaining hand was laid upon her arm, and Jessie spoke—

"Please let me have a word."

"Comrades, I've been slow and fearful in speaking for God, but I feel my responsibility to-night. I never did let my light shine for Him. You don't know who is watching you, even as you walk along the street. Be careful, and God will use us to bless and help others to Himself."

I will not dwell upon Jessie's farewell from home for the field, or the sorrow of her friends at parting with her, for they had all good-bye.

"She will be missed," was the general feeling.

I met her in Toronto just as she was entering into training for an Officer.

"Well, my dear friend, I praise God. Tell me, was it hard for you to leave?"

It was not like her to complain of hardness. She merely replied, regretfully: "I was a mother in law in father's."

"Why didn't you, then?" I asked.

"I simply could not," she replied.

I knew of the deep love that existed between them, and changed the subject for a more cheerful one, wondering if the father would understand and forgive her.

But my mind was soon settled on that point.

As I was taking up the collection in the open-air a few evenings later in N—, I met Mr. Johns, and as he drew near he said, "I have a word to say to you."

"What is it?" I asked.

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## Just Saved in Time.

SIGN KENWAY, our ex-military-warrior, now District Officer at Grand Bazaar, Nfld., writing on

SAD NEWS CAME by telegram this week—A MAN AND HIS BOY LOST.

The man knelt at our penitential-form and got saved a week before he left.

He leaves a wife and five little ones behind. Pray for the bereaved ones.

Three other doreys were away from the same ship all night riding the storm; two doreys and crews picked up by passing vessels and carried into port; one of the men was enrolled as a Soldier before leaving. How blessed it is to live in the state of readiness.

Ready, are you saved?

If not, get saved now. Delay is dangerous. Fly from the wrath to come!

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## To Our Wandering Sheep.

A FIELD OFFICER'S MESSAGE.

HERE are a certain class of people that we meet with every day; we find them on the street, on the railway, the theatre, the hotel, the barracks; they are called Backsliders.

I have noticed that these people are not of the same age, and are young, just starting into life. The ruddy flush of youth is upon their cheek; their ston is firm; their prospects are pleasing; but, alas, they are not saved. A SOLDIER is written upon their hearts.

Again, I have observed that many who have passed their youthful days, whose hair was once dark, but now is turning white, whose form was once straight, but now is becoming bent, whose eyes were once bright, but now is becoming dim. Oh, and I but yet true, those have the bitter experience of a backslider.

How often we see these poor wanderers before us! we often look at them from the platform. Some of them were once happy, uniformed Soldiers; they stepped to the beat of the drum, they marched 'neath the wave of our Army flag; they spoke of the Friend of sinners on the street corner; they were well known; they helped their Officers, and God made of them a blessing.

Oh, dear old backslider, let me ask you to come home again. Your Father is waiting for you. Jesus says, "Come," Angels say, "Come," The Spirit says, "Come," and I say, "Come home."

Yours in His love,

L. PENNY, Capt.

St. John V., N. D.



The Melbourne "Cry" reports a total of fifty souls as the harvest of the "Gide Brigade" which was held.

The Commandant has decided to establish two Territorial Brass Bands, one of men and the other women.

In connection with the opening of the Maternity Home in South Africa, Canada, the following ladies have been invited to the Colony Maternity Home.

A saved sister and her wife, in British Guiana, have given themselves up to the work for the Salvation of their countrymen in the Army.

Major Stowell, of Kansas, U. S. A., recently attired herself in rags and sat down with 400 poor women to a free dinner given by the Army.

License to marry our own people in the Maternity Prefecture have been given to Colonel Maternity. This is Major Miss Singh, a privilege no Officer has previously enjoyed.

At a recent commissioning of one hundred Officers in London, England, there were thirty-seven candidates for the Officership, Sanctification and Salvation at the penitential-form.

In addition to the Trade Headquarters at Glasgow, London, and London, England, a new store is being opened up in the heart of the great city, on Newgate Street, near the Police Station.


THIRTY-ONE converts made to the General's Liverpool meetings were enrolled the following week as Recruits, each having a piece of Army brass and a piece of Army dress.

The Police Inspector at Jontophne, Denmark, offered fifty kroner for the conversion of a noted character. The Army got him saved in the General's meetings.



HEADQUARTERS'  
LATEST ADDITION.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave.



MR. HARGRAVE told her why he was working with her seniority in Salvation.

"You have been commended with the Army for years," we threw out as an introductory question.

Mrs. Hargrave laughed. "I was born in it," she said. "My mother got me amongst the first half-dozen to stand round the General on Mile End Waste. An earnest though illiterate convert was giving his testimony when she saw them first, in which he quoted the text 'Though you be as a weaver'—all wrong! But though it came out all upside down, the words went straight to my mother's heart, and standing there she claimed Christ. Next day she joined the Mission. As I have said,

## I was Born in the Army

—before I was the Army—and I've never known anything else. As a school-girl I was seldom given my name—I was generally 'Hattie.' I got saved while I was going to school, and largely through some circumstances that occurred then. You see, when the girls teased me, I used to get tired."

"Rattled!" my dear, they would say, here," gently interrupted the Staff-Captain.

"And when I got felled," went on Mrs. Hargrave, conservatively, "I began to get convicted. I felt such feelings inconsistent, and sought and found

## A Real Salvation at Nine Years Old

A digression at this point is essential. Mrs. Hargrave, as an interview subject, needs no coaxing to speech, and there was so much of interest to tell, and she told us so much that we must condense her narrative a little. There is only space here left to mention the events of her father's refusal to come into the work and subsequent backsliding, during which the General visited their house almost every day, and got him back to the restoration and consecration, and then the moment when father, mother and little short-frocked sonneter daughter became "Young-lives" in the Christian Mission.

Lizzie Beattie had many titles in those days; sometimes she was called "the Girl Teacher," but more often she was known as

## "The Sweet Singer of Israel."

"Yes, I did my part in all the Corps father and mother had," she said. When quite a tiny tot I used to follow mother off the platform when she went to invite the people—they didn't call it fishing in those days. While she pleaded with them I got hold of the singer's jacket and tucked away, crying in my childish way, 'I do believe, I do believe. But from the very first I became my parents' sonneter. Often we three have stood alone at a quiet corner singing, speaking and praying in turns. Sometimes I sang as many as four solos in one occasion."

"And yet your voice remains the same after a lifetime of song?" we wondered, for the bard at the end of the 'Tuppence' announced her as the S. A. nightingale still, and we knew that her songs as ever sing hundreds help and blessing.

"Many have wondered, too, why was the answer, 'but it seems as if the Lord had allowed my voice to have the unfettered freedom of my frequent illnesses, which of late years have kept my voice from breaking."

"I was one of the first Lieutenants ever promoted," went on Mrs. Hargrave, "and I was

## An Officer at Twelve Years Old.

I used to make one of the General's staff party when we went on Salvation tours, shining at his meetings."

In which capacity in the space of a few years you had been a Soldier, a Soldier in the North of England," put in the Staff-Captain, who seemed to know the details remarkably well, albeit he did not know the staff until after the war.

"You did not wear the Hallelujah bonnet in those days?" we suggested.

"No," replied Mrs. Hargrave, "I was a little bonnet like a nurse's, with a white cloth tied under my hair hanging in ringlets under it. Uniform came in later, and I cannot say that I cared much for the coal-scuttle when it came into force."

"The General took great pains to get me to draw in the platoon of things over my shoulder and under my arm, and to pocket soldiers to take off some brains from my frock, and once nearly marched me off into a milliner's to get a new hat, absolutely forbidding me to come into his

meeting wearing my present headgear. Dear General! But the establishment of a uniform settled all such questions finally, and the General publicly presented me with

## The First Woman's Uniform."

The interview, which was a rather broken affair all through, owing to continual rappings at the door, cries for "cojys," etc., was here interrupted by a splicer, which Staff-Captain Hargrave—as true hand of Love member—carefully removed between thumb and forefinger. We imagined that "there must have been some riots in those days."

"Bliss!" Mrs. Hargrave's face lit up. "My father was the first Salvationist to go to prison, and his case is one which has helped to fight by its repute hundreds of the legal difficulties of our work since. Then there were the Hastings' riots," and Mrs. Hargrave lived over again the exciting scenes. "Father was knocked about and thrown one way, and mother was kicked and thrown the other way, while I was deposited in a dairy until the roughs had time to persecute me, which later they did not get the chance to do, as the people at the dairy were too kind to give me up. Father was badly hurt, but mother worse. We were the day over that off-odious by-law with flying colors, but mother never recovered the effects of that brutal kick. Some years afterwards, while she lay dying, I wrote of her in the War Cry. It reached the eyes of the man who gave her the kick, which was a fitting end to his life. Broken-hearted, he made himself known as willing for any punishment that the

"For what reason?"

"Frozen out!" was the laconic response. "But I found out the Salvation Army Corps, and that same night—only the second Army meeting that I had attended—I gave in my name as a Soldier."

"Yes, I've had my taste of rough times, too; have been

## Nearly Killed for Christ's Sake

In that same neighborhood, I nearly lost my situation through a black eye that a rough gave me which was of such a serious nature that it demanded my staying at home a day or two. It was there, too, that I gained an experience in Corps discipline that has helped me many times since in my Officer's life. The Captain went, and the Soldiers—all told, with the exception of myself and about two others. Our band then consisted of three players. I played the cornet one night, and the brass instrument the next, to make a variation. We held on until after only about six months we had a stronger Corps than ever, and nearly all the deacons returned. I was Secretary of the Corps when I met Captain Lizzie Beattie, who, by the way, would not look at me. But you see I stick to my guns—and succeeded, with a glance of pardonable pride toward Mrs. Hargrave.

Then followed a rather original love-story, for Captain Beattie, though considerably younger than myself, refused to leave the fight if she died in it, and Secretary Hargrave had some reason to be worn-out by previous warfare, and out first feeling the stirrings of some mighty call, though he had loved and

tory. Mrs. Hargrave did good service in Kingston by opening the League of Mercy, and we must not forget her position to hold meetings in the Penitentiary and other public institutions.

"As regards my new appointment," said the Staff-Captain, preparing to depart, "with its special responsibilities in connection with the Junior War and Band of Mercy, I can assure you that I could I have chosen my own, I could have preferred no other work."

Closing time for this interview sound-along, but we must not forget to say, only delaying to assure our Toronto comrades especially that two more Blood and Fire warriors now reinforce its Salvation Army—a man who is ever and gladly ready to do sanctified drudgery or public bath for the Kingdom, and a woman, who though frail in physical strength, delights to do her utmost to swell the praise of the same Saviour who claimed her childhood's service. A. L. P.

Women's Social  
Secretary East.

QUEBEC AND BROCKVILLE VISITED.

What the Brockville "Recorder" says: Mrs. Brigadier Read's lecture in the Wall Street Methodist Church last night was a decided success all around. That the large audience present enjoyed it was very evident, as they listened very attentively to the address, which lasted an hour and a quarter. Mrs. Read is an able speaker, and very interesting in her work as Superintendent of the Rescue Work in the Salvation Army. She spoke and felt very much encouraged with the success which she is having. She gave incident after incident which have largely come under her own observation and which were very touching. She appealed very tenderly for all in Brockville to help her by their prayers and money any time and at all times, and though there was no Army Band in Brockville, she asked especially the sisters to try and influence those fallen and have them sent to either Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto. For many reasons, the work prospers much better in the cities. Mrs. Read will get a loyal welcome to Brockville when she comes again."

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Anniversary at Quebec Shelter, presided over by Rev. W. Starling.

## A Derelict of Society.

Mrs. Read gave an interesting lecture on the Derelicts of Society, at the Salvation Army Barracks on Friday evening. There was a very fair attendance, and the lecturer spoke of the work of the Army in Canada and elsewhere, giving an outline of what they had been doing during the past year. Since the establishment of the Rescue Work of the Army in London, some ten years ago, the work has spread throughout the world, so that there are at present sixty-nine Rescue Homes for women and children throughout Canada, the United States and in other Army fields. Twenty-five thousand girls have been rescued during this interval, 25 per cent. of whom turned out satisfactorily, showing the good work which is being carried on. The Rescue Homes of Canada are nine in number, and are situated at St. John's, Nfld., St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, and Winnipeg, Manitoba. Some 50 girls have been rescued through these homes during the past year. Two hundred and ninety-six have been provided with situations, and 117 have been restored to their former homes. Of the others a few have been turned out unsatisfactorily and have been sent to other institutions, etc. Two hundred and eighty-seven children have been cured, or by the Army in these institutions. The Ontario Government gives an annual grant of \$10,000 to the Army for the maintenance of the Province of Ontario. The magistrates, clergy, medical authorities, benefit societies, etc., all speak heartily of the good work which the Army is doing, and their hearty co-operation in these cities, often giving donations. A brief outline of the Quebec lecture was then given. It seems that 2,500 names have been taken of. There have been 25 applicants for work, 25 of whom have obtained employment. Extract from Quebec Morning Chronicle.

Yet another change of work for English Sheela (died of Sam Scott, etc.) He has been quite a varied experience. "Cade" in 1883 Victoria, B. C.; Lieutenant at Palmerston and Inverness, Scotland, in 1885; promoted Ensign, and sent to the Pacific Province; welcomed to S. S. Co. 1886, from whence he has now departed. He has been a member of the Salvation Army, God bless you, Ensign! Read and glory in Heb. xiii. 8. Just one request, to hear of his welfare occasionally through the columns of the dear old "Cry."



STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. HARGRAVE and FAMILY.

Army and the saint he had injured saw it to give him.

## My Martyr-Mother's

cup of thanksgiving overflowed as she joyfully sent him a message of the fullest forgiveness. The man became soundly converted, and when I heard last of him he was still a faithful Soldier."

Thirty different stations had Mrs. Hargrave before her marriage, both with her parents and during her own Captaincy, for which she was delivered by the General some years before her husband crossed that of Staff-Captain Hargrave.

At which point the Staff-Captain naturally steps into the narrative. He was not so communicative as his wife, and providentially supposed that there was nothing to be told. Had he ever been or done anything as a boy? No, never! ("Except stealing apples," put in Mrs. Hargrave, in parenthesis.) We tried another string (persuasive): Didn't he know that there were quite a number of people who had never heard of him?

"Hidin' missed much" was the unpromising reply, with the Staff-Captain's well-known wink of the eye. He had converted, and when I heard last of him he was still a faithful Soldier."

"It was a thorough change to me," he said, "and soon after I came up to London, where I married. I found a church but left it."

fought for sons so faithfully in his Corps. "Tell him," said the Chief-of-the-Staff, when the matter came under his notice,

## "The Need is the Call,"

—and that settled it, the watch-word becoming a sort of life-motto of the Staff-Captain's life."

Four Field commands, a position in the Audit Department, another in the Marine Department (from which post he retired well qualified by experience as well as precept) and then a time of nearly five years in connection with the appointments at the Home Office, London. Twelve months in the Liverpool Province as Chancellor, and then a stormy—very stormy passage across the Atlantic, and two Chancellorships on Canadian soil. This briefly is Staff-Captain Hargrave's Officer career, and being essentially a business man, he gave the information almost as tersely.

With regard to his warfare in the East Ontario Province, the Staff-Captain says: These nine and a-half months have been

## The Best of My Life so Far.

I have been all round the Province, during the time, with the exception of two Districts, taking always a special interest and care in the Junior work. Considering the disadvantages which so large a French Catholic population give us, I think that I have done very well, and good footing in the East Ontario Province as anywhere in the Ter-

## FIELD COMMISSIONER

## MISS BOOTH

ANNOUNCED BY

## THE FAMOUS STAFF BRASS BAND

WILL VISIT

BRANTFORD (Wycliffe Hall), July 1  
 INGHESBOL, July 2  
 LONDON, July 3, 4, 5  
 STRATFORD, July 6  
 GALT, July 7

## WAR CRY

## YES, THANK GOD!

THE FOLLOWING comes from Captain Wycliffe of Guelph, recommending the Field Commissioner's visit:

For Saturday and Sunday, the total attendance 2,250, above the average. This is great for Guelph. Thank God for the victory! It is the talk of the city.

## A FRIEND GONE.

A GENEROUS REMEMBRANCE in the will of the late Miss McKinnon has bequeathed to our work in Ottawa the sum of five hundred dollars. Miss McKinnon was the beloved daughter of Mrs. Keefe, of Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, whose warm appreciation towards Army endeavors is so well-known. We are sure that the sympathy of our Comrades will be with the sorrowing mother, praying that the strong Arm of Divine strength may uphold and sustain her in this bereavement.

## OUR HEADQUARTERS FAMILY.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGRAVE, who is to a great extent, have been added to the Headquarters Staff recently. Their last appointment was at Kingston, where the Staff-Captain ably filled the Chancellor's position, and Mrs. Hargrave did excellent work in launching and lending League of Mercy operations at Kingston.

THE STAFF-CAPTAIN'S work at Headquarters is to a great extent created by the magnificent strides made in the Juniors' War since the Field Commissioner's advent. It will be eyes and ears for the Commissioner in respect to Junior work, and will be attached to the General Secretary's Department. Mrs. Hargrave will find plenty of opportunities for work well and to the right. Between them they represent twenty-eight years of Officership, eighteen of which have been spent by Mrs. Hargrave's account. The places left vacant in East Ontario are being filled on the one hand by Staff-Captain Rawling—who did excellent work during his term in the trade in co-operation with Staff-Captain Horn—and by Mrs. Rawling, who will doubtless carry on with enthusiasm the League of Mercy work now in operation there.

## BACK TO JESUS.

OUR FRONTISPIECE, which is reproduced from a former front-page of the British War Cry, explains itself. It is an appeal and an encouragement to our lost Comrades, the Backsliders. We grieve deeply over their loss from our ranks. We want them to come again. We desire them to know that our love still holds out for them, and we stretch out our hands in welcome attitude for their return. This summer's campaign is solemnly dedicated to God in the restoration of many backsliders, we dare to believe. Oh, that ALL may repent and be saved. Backslider, God is willing, yes, yearning, the Army invites, now come back.

## THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

THE WAR CRY and YOUNG SOLDIER welcome heartily our two new helpers, Adjutant Page and Ensign Kenning. A. L. P. is an old raconteur and is known famous from his connection with "All the World" and the British War Cry. A. L. P. is a true-hearted Salvationist, a gifted writer, and a good worker.

Ensign Kenning is new to this work, but is sure for God's glory and the paper war. We prophesy for him a bright future. Our old Comrade, Ensign Shem, takes up the important position just vacated by Staff-Captain Horn. This Ensign has the valuable habit of being on time in the morning; he is, too, a diligent worker at the desk; by his industry

## East Splendidly Loyal.

## PROVINCIAL OFFICER PUGMIRE AND OFFICERS SEND AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE TO THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

MISS BOOTH,

Field Commissioner:

Beloved Commissioner,—Staff, Field Officers Eastern Province in Council send greetings. Depend upon us standing by Flag, unceasingly pushing the war, saving souls, making soldiers, booming Junior War. We praise God for your restoration. Rely on us continually.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

## REPLY.

MAJOR PUGMIRE,

218 Pitt Street,  
St. John N.B.:

June 3rd, 1897.

Telegram received. Struck new chords of love and confidence for my Eastern Officers. Your assurances have bound about my heart with fresh strength; particularly pleased with zeal for Juniors. The children our hope for the lifting of the Flag in every corner of the Territory. Hold fast! Push! Rise! I am with you in momentarily desperate effort for the people's salvation. Forward!!

FIELD COMMISSIONER.

and true-hearted Salvationism he has won the respect of those about him. Our best wishes go with him. May he continue to prosper!

## WANDERER, COME HOME.

"I AM DARK, oh, so dark," "What I might have been!" The above two quotations from a backslider's letter published in this issue, tell the story, from the lips of experience, of the backslider's deplorable condition. An outlook which is "oh, so dark," and an inward aching reproach expressing itself in the mournful refrain, "What I might have been!" are conditions of mind which create a hell within the breast, and which, if they be not removed, must increase more and more in the agony of torment. Unfortunately the country abounds with backsliders; it is our duty and privilege to surround them with such an attitude of loving sympathy as shall properly give expression to the great yearning of our Heavenly Father for the wanderers and prodigals, for whom He now longs as He did when Christ first told the story of the prodigal son, with a tenderness past expression. Let the wanderer come home to his Father, and to the Army; as Christ's ambassadors, we beseech him to come, and as his still loving Comrades we will welcome him.

## THE AMERICAN COMMANDER'S LEGAL BATTLE.

THE STORMS have heavily beat around our Comrades of the New York Headquarters these last weeks. Prejudice and calumny has fastened an indictment upon Commander Booth-Tucker which many regard as little short of slander, and which has resulted in a conviction so grave in character and consequences as to cause home to his righteous American citizens to raise the cry of "Unjust!" The immediate reason given for bringing about this conviction, All Night of Prayer, held in the Headquarters' Auditorium, but it is not hard to discover the real cause, and the consequent evil intent of those enemies of our holy warfare who would be only too glad to seize this as an opportunity for bringing about a permanent cessation of Salvation hostilities in the neighborhood of West Fourteenth Street. The jury's verdict of guilty, and the consequent sentence of a fine and one year's imprisonment has excited an outburst of indignation both within and without our ranks. An appeal has been made to the Supreme Court, and it seems hardly probable that the extreme and untenable grounds of the accusation will be maintained under the stronger glare of legal daylight. All that energetic effort and fervent prayer can do to uphold the legal principles at stake are being given, and the latter passive though powerful weapon our Comrades on this side the border may wish to permanently suspend. Once again the Salvation Army is fighting a question of religious liberty, the loss of which would mean the annihilation of all other Christian organizations. The tall, brave figure of the Commander stands at

the head of the charge for right. Surely the impartial conscience of the Stars and Stripes will not fail to kindle at his call! Our sympathy is warmly extended to the Commander and Consul in this anxious and trying hour. Amongst the shouts of kindly and sympathetic correspondence which have poured in from all quarters, we extract the following, sent to the Commander, from the W. C. T. U.: "We trust the day will come when the strong arm of the law will be used to overthrow evil and bring in righteousness. We have no fear but that the God whom the Salvation Army so faithfully serves will overcome this outburst of the wrath of men to the good both of the organization itself and the work to which it is pledged, but we realize that the latter-years of the nineteenth century should have been such an exhibition of intolerance at the instigation of a few people who can by no means be said to represent the people of New York City."

## ANOTHER SERIAL.

DEAD BROKE," the serial story commenced in this issue, will be a rich treat for those who know old London, and for ordinary readers it will furnish quite a study on the condition of France, London's poor and the urgent need of the General's plan to help the submerged up out of the sea of temporal distress.

## IMPORTANT SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Mrs. Read on Tour.

(Special Despatch).

OPENED JUBILEE INDUSTRIAL HOME, MONTREAL. Just concluded splendid Campaign Sunday, No. 1. Good day at Cross. League of Mercy commended. Soldiers' Banquet, Point St. Charles, splendid crowd and interest. St. Charles meeting Inspector Street. Rev. John Curry in the chair. Large, appreciative audience. Jubilee Home formally opened. Dr. Reddy presided. Resolution recommending work to Quebec Government for protection of prisoners. Prison officials, asking that Rescue Officers have free access to female prisoners of Montreal. Heartfelt talk at French Cross, also Soldiers' and Officers' Councils, etc. Social French Field Officers assisting. Unity pervades.—Mrs. Brimfield Read.

## BRAVE TOM WILSON KILLED.

(Special).

Hamilton, May 28.—TOM WILSON, a brave fire lad, and Sub-Chief of our Department here, was killed last night at a fire. He was a noble fellow, and a great lover of the Army. At 7:15 he saluted me from the Fire Station window, and on his last alarm sounded for the fire all at which poor Tom met his death.

LANDERS.

## THE GREAT EVENT

On June 28th is drawing near. THE PAVILION will be the scene of the marriage of

## ADJUTANT PEASE

AND  
ADJUTANT STANYON

(CURTAIN BY)

## The Field Commissioner.

THE  
Field Commissioner

With Staff Band

AT HAMILTON.

(Special).

IMMENSE AUDIENCES ADDRESSED. EXTRAORDINARY FINANCIAL SALVATION IN STREAMS. THE AMBITIOUS CITY MOVED FROM END TO END. SWEEPING MARCHES HEADED BY THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND. THOUSANDS LINED THE STREETS.

HOLINESS MEETING, SEVERAL DEFINITE CONSERVATIONS. THE FIELD COMMISSIONER ADDRESSED TWO MAGNIFICENT AUDIENCES IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE. DIVINE LY UPHOLD AND INSPIRED. SHE WELDED THE SWORD WITH STARTLING EFFECT. CONGREGATIONS LISTENED BREATHELESSLY. SINNERS SWEEP INTO THE KINGDOM.

PEARL AND WILLIE CAPTIVATED THE CROWDS. OFFICERS AND HAND FOUGHT SPECTACULARLY. EIGHTY DOLLARS COLLECTION. REPORT TO FOLLOW.

A. GASKIN, Major.

## ST. CATHARINES SHAKEN.

(Special).

Tremendous time at Brigadier Read's week-end visit. Nearly a thousand people round open-air Sunday afternoon in Park. A place of paradise. Good indoor concert. Best collection for months. Eight at the Cross including five young children Sunday night. They cried bitterly and gave sound, solid testimonies. Adjutants Manton, Hay and Brother Sims, of Toronto, nobly assisting. Ensign Atwell farouced. City in a hall of excitements over the Commissioner's coming visit. The eventful wedding a memorable time. Ensign Atwell and Captain Phrik made one by the Brigadier. Corps in good shape.—Captain Howe.

## Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave at the Temple.

"I never had a better Sunday in the city," is the verdict of the Staff-Captain. Yesterday was indeed a day-top occasion at the Temple Corps. Good congregations and collections—the night's throng being the largest for weeks. Meetings characterized by abundance of spiritual freedom and activity. The insatiable Hargrave family assisting afternoon and evening. There was a large and influential circle. Mrs. Hargrave's heart-solel wound blessing into many souls. Hand-to-hand tussle in prayer-meeting. Soldiers reported as having "stuck" to their guns. Wound up at 10:15 p.m. with five souls at the Mercy Seat.

## COMING SOON!

"SERVING  
POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS."

A Touching Sketch of  
Life Amongst Tattered  
Poor, by A. L. P.

## Brilliant Victories And Prospects

IN THE NORTH-WEST.

### Brigadier Bennett's Latest Despatch.

I HAVE just been away from the Provincial Headquarters seventeen days, and in that time I have visited the following Corps: Valley City, Mandan, Bismarck, Jamestown, Oakes, Fargo, Lisbon and Wapeton. I have been delighted with the spirit of the troops in these different Corps, and the Officers, without exception, are all alive to the work they have in hand.

Large crowds have flocked to the openings and to the indoor meetings.

One very noticeable feature about all the meetings was that the Soldiers have gone in for a lot of prayer. I love people that can pray.

We have had a lot of conversion, and souls have been saved. At JAMSTOWN, two Seniors and one Junior came out for Salvation.

OAKES is a new opening, and the Officers have taken a firm stand for God. Here we saw three souls cry to God for mercy.

At FARGO we had the pleasure of seeing forty cry to God for deliverance from sin.

At LISBON, another new opening, two came to God for the blessing, and four cried for pardon. All round the work is rolling on; the Officers are in good spirits, we are looking forward to a good summer's fighting, and expect to capture many of the enemy. I paraded twelve soldiers on the Sunday. During the five months that this Corps has been opened some 100 persons have professed salvation.

To visit the Corps above mentioned, I had to travel some 1,216 miles, and spend 140 hours on the cars; 26 meetings were held, and some 11 persons were interviewed.

ADJUTANT MACNAMARA reports a number of souls at Brandon, and Eugene and Thomas report a great work in the soul-saving line, since they took charge of their present commands a few days ago.

ADJUTANT GOODWIN has had victory also, and stirred things at Grand Forks. Everything at Grand Forks is on the up-grade.

All round the Province there are signs of great soul-saving victories; in fact, I never saw the prospect look brighter than at the present time for a great onward march in the right direction.

There are signs of more extensions in the line of new openings. We are determined that the sinners shall have Salvation carried to their doors, and that they shall be compelled to think of that which is more needful than the mighty dollar.

There is another change of Officers shortly in this part of the Field. More particularly to follow, Captain Habkirk, Junior Soldier, has been asked a Field appointment; his successor, and the Captain's appointment will come to light shortly. H. B.

## Mersey League Echoes

FROM KINGSTON.

### Prison, Hospital, and Infants' Home Work - Saved Through Miss Booth's Meeting in the Penitentiary.

A YOUNG MAN called at the Provincial Headquarters, Kingston, a few days ago, and expressed his gratitude for the blessing and help he had received through a meeting held in the Penitentiary, by the "League of Mercy," a few weeks ago. He had only been set at liberty that day, but could not leave the city before coming and telling us how he personally had been cheered and encouraged.

Some little time before this incident transpired, Adjutant Stinson met a



THE EYES of all civilization are turned at the moment to war. A nation's celebration of its Sovereign's long-continued reign. Not only where the British flag flies, but in a great many places where it does not, convulsive preparations are now in progress for the keeping of Queen Victoria's Diamond Anniversary. In the rising chorus of thanksgiving, the voices of the Salvation Army are plainly distinguishable glorifying the Giver of all good gifts for the peace and prosperity of the long past years. Although the Blood and Fire Colors have by no means exclusively waved by our means exclusively waved by the colors of the Union Jack, many of our victories have been won upon British soil, and whether the actual sway of our religion affects us or not, we unitarily commemorate in our own way an occasion so notable, seizing it, as we seize all opportunities, whether public or private, for the pushing forward of the claims of Jesus Christ. The Salvation Army is too poor and too proud to let its celebration take the form of any outward display merely, for it can only be the expression of that same spirit which characterizes all our endeavors—the spirit of the Cross, and the demands of the War, all demonstration being put to the test of the question: "Will it help save?"

The Field Commissioner, therefore, has decided upon a line of advance, which, while it will mark the event of the 22nd in this Territory, will leave tracks of blessing and help in the hearts of the sinful and sorrowing, and gleams of success and cheer in the lives of the most needy—the best of remembrance of any occasion. Some of these schemes are already well in hand, and others will be in the time the next two weeks have rolled by.

**The Opening of Seven New Corps** marks an advance which will carry the light and blessing of a wing of the one Salvation Army into neighborhoods as yet unprovided for by such soul-saving acquisition. Wherever these Jubilee Corps are located, they will carry with them, we feel verily, the impetus of the prayers of their Territorial Commanders that they may be daring, devoted centres of spiritual activity.

**Thirty-Five Junior Soldier Corps** are to be established. Knowing the love which exists in the Commissioner's heart towards the little ones of her Territorial, we are not surprised to find that the Juniors have a Jubilee celebration of

young man on the streets, who told him that the influence of the meeting led in the Penitentiary by the Field Commissioner had made him resolve to lead a new life. He came to Toronto and has since got converted.

Another young man was released and taken into the Hospital to die. He was in the last stages of consumption, and, when he was visited, and every effort made to get him to accept Christ as his Saviour. It was a hard struggle, but eventually he trusted in the merits of the Blood, and a fourth pardon. A day or two afterwards he died.

Mrs. Hargrave, with one or two other members of the League, were at the Central Hospital on a Sunday afternoon in May. Their visit was a blessed one, and four souls stepped out of darkness into light.

The Jail is visited every Sunday morning, when there are prisoners there, and a meeting held.

## OUR Jubilee Programme.

their own. Perhaps those thirty-five new bands of little Soldiers are as significant as any feature of the programme, with their promise of future strength and usefulness to the war all over.

**Thirty-Five New Bands of Love** are a fitting next line. While the spiritual needs of the children are additionally provided for, an equal advance is thus to be made in that system of physical and mental training which has already attracted such attention and commendation.

**The Inauguration of the Junior Cadets' Brigade** which is a system for securing and training the youth of our Corps for future officership, comes to us with a record of success from other fields.

**Three Hundred Candidates** sets up as a target for warriors whose determination can regard it but as a goal to be reached or passed, promises an increase in the numbers of the lost, and in our minds' eye pictures the occupation of more ground and the bringing in of more captives. God bless our going-to-be Jubilee Officers.

**Five Hundred Additional Local Officers** looks a large figure in the total, but represents an average per Corps which no more than meets the need for these consecrated leaders of our rank and file, who both have and make use of such wide scope for the exercise of holy zeal in the helping forward of a dying world's Salvation.

**The Opening of One New Shelter.** This is an addition to our Social Wing, which the success of those rightly named poor Men's Hotels already in existence, readily warrants and inspires faith for.

**The Jubilee Industrial Home for Women** is opened in June in Montreal, where a splendid house, devoted Officers, and an overwhelming need give signs of active and increasing usefulness.

**The Starting of Five Slim Posts** each in the crowded and poverty-stricken quarter of a great city, brings the mingled reproof and benediction of the Stigmata's influence, where sin and misery are most extreme in character, and grave in extent.

**The Inauguration of Seven Labor Bureaus** will light at once a torch of hope to the

unemployed of many centres, linking on in prosperous connection the employer to the employee.

**The Evangeline Flock** mark an important extension to the Industrial Colony near Toronto, by the introduction of sheep-farming. The first flock bearing the Commissioner's name will "occupy the field."

**The Jubilee Bicycle Brigade** is one of the most important of the new endeavors. This is formed for the assistance of Corps within a hundred miles of Territorial Headquarters. The Brigade will wear a special uniform, will include the staff band, and will be led in person by the Field Commissioner.

**A Home of Rest** for the recuperation of tired Officers, is to be established near Toronto, which, with its many opportunities of quiet and fresh air, will, through the invigoration of many warriors, benefit the entire field.

**The Jubilee Sewing Battalion,** while in its out-working will concern the sisters especially, will in its results interest hundreds of ill-clad little boys and girls. The scheme includes a weekly sewing-class at Headquarters, when Commanders of the Battalion will stitch warm covering for destitute children.

**The Evangeline Flower League** which springs from an idea thought of by the Commissioner during her late sickness, is a plan whereby the hospitals may be supplied with flowery messages during the summer months, to be distributed by the League of Mercy. One of the chief features is the consecration of either conservatory, garden, or window-sill, to the planting and rearing of sweet-scented buds of consolation for the suffering and sad.

**An Open-Air Jubilee Demonstration on Sunday Afternoon, June 30th,** will take place all over the Territory, when the opportunity will be seized for a special engagement upon the surroundings of spiritual infirmity.

The Commissioner expects every Comrade of the Cross and King to do their share in the pushing of such of these advances as may come within their reach, so that they may be long remembered by continued and increasing spheres of blessed usefulness in our warfare for God and souls.

The "League of Mercy" commenced operations the latter end of January, this year. Mrs. Staff-Captain Hawling, in charge of it, and has been succeeded by Mrs. Staff-Captain Hawling. The officials of the various institutions are exceedingly kind and courteous, and anxious to render all the assistance they possibly can.

The results have been very gratifying, but the future will be better still. To God be all the glory!

R. H.

WHEN GOD GAVE US CHRIST HE GAVE US ALL GIFTS IN ONE.

MANY do with opportunities as the clouds do at the harvest time—they fill their hands with seed and let the grain fall through one by one till they are all gone. If our opportunities are so great in the dear old Army, what are our responsibilities? Will not God hold us responsible for what His grace is able to make us?



# THE CONVICT.

## A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Archie Ross, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents, was adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional house-breaker, the motto: "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Prior experience began to appear in 1910. At 17 years of age and a half out on ticket of leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escape from prison.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Escape from the Convict Prison.

"**R**ICHIE, me boy," said he to himself, "ye were born under a lucky star." He had a way of talking to himself, and when doing so always addressed himself as "Archie." He rarely had any one else to talk to and in course of time conversation to self became a habit, and to himself he discoursed on his escape as follows:—

"Yes," I says, "Archie, me boy, ye're a free man, all becom ye been is scaped on the right way, and becom your brain-box has got something in it. This and this private suit of clothes makes ye look a regular offit. That warden will get the idea, but I'm sure, when they finds that No. 27 is gone."

"And I shook hands with myself, and laughed until I had a pain in my side."

"It was a fine piece of business, sir, my escape was, skilfully arranged and carefully planned. No statesman could have conceived in his mind a finer piece of strategem. No soldier on a field of battle could have acted cooler. It was the extraordinary daring of the venture that was his safety, and he was gone several hours before I was missed from the convict depot."

"It was like this, sir: my altered manner and exemplary conduct brought me into favor, and one day there was a vacancy in the lighthouse for a man, and I was recommended as being suitable."

#### This was a Promotion.

The warden in charge of the lighthouse and kitchen was a decent fellow, and sometimes allowed me little privileges, which I was careful never to abuse."

"All these little items were steps in the right direction, and I says to myself: 'Archie, me boy, the time is yours, the land lies before you. Labor and wait.'"

"I carefully noted the hours the wardens went on and off duty, and always knew to a minute when each warden was, like the other wardens, the one in charge of the lighthouse was allowed a few hours off duty each week in excess of the usual. At such times they would dress in civilian's clothes, and pass outside, on pleasure or recreation bent."

"In a few weeks I had earned some good character, and I was again promoted and allowed more liberty."

"They weren't half so strict in those days as they are now. The convicts were kind and cheerful to each other when at work unloading bricks and doing other jobs; but me—I wouldn't speak or pat on with one of them."

#### I Kept Myself to Myself,

and wouldn't trust one of them out of my sight."

"Each convict was allowed an ounce of tobacco per week; but I always refused mine, and this helped to strengthen the warden's belief that I was really a chaste, man—a truly rare fellow. It was just what I had been scheming for all the time. I was told that I was to go into the warden's bedrooms and official quarters, and the first morning I started on the job I found in a bedroom all that I was to expect."

"It was a warden's private suit of clothes, and this was my men from the first to pass myself out of the prison. A warden off duty, dressed in civilian's clothes."

"A warden, named Henderson, was almost exactly like me. He was a 'gentleman' at the first opportunity. But Warden Henderson had a handsome sandy-colored moustache, and my face was as smooth as a little child's."

"Archie, me boy," I says, "you are a several different kinds of idiot if you can't criticise a man out of something. Here are the civilian's clothes ready to jump into—overcoat, ivory-handled cane, a silver ring, a full evening suit, and the necessaries of a swell of the first water."

"An open door to the world outside, only a moustache to make a difference. The moustache with success. Oh! I wasn't long in making a fine, handsome moustache. Well, it took me four days to make it. I took it off and I got a piece of old rope, alum—treated it out, combed

it, twisted it, and—oh, Scotland! it came out a champion moustache—sandy color, just a facsimile of the one on the lip of Warden Henderson."

"I could only work at this job

#### A Few Minutes Each Day,

and then hide it beneath the door-mat. I fastened the moustache together with a piece of wire, twisting the wire-ends in such a way as to keep my hands to hold the false moustache in position."

"The whole plot was now arranged."

"Archie, me boy," I says, "are ye ready?"

"Yes," I says,

All right; then watch the first opportunity of Henderson's, in my room to-night, says Jennings."

"One dull, heavy Thursday morning in November, I overheard Warden Henderson say to a brother warden—'Off duty at four, Jennings.'"

"Yes," he says,

"So'm 'I, says Henderson."

"Play ye at draughts for half-a-crown, best out of the roomies, in my room to-night," says Jennings."

All right, settled," says Henderson."

"Yes," says I to myself, "it's 'settle'—right enough. My name's 'Waiker'—'Waiker'."

"The same day the chaplain spoke kindly to me, and he says, in a silky voice, 'Steady, I'm glad to see ye of such good behaviour. Don't you find it says best to be good?'"

"Yes," sir," says I, very calmly, and making a mighty effort to look religious like. "I'm going to take my punishment in the right spirit, sir, and hear it like a man. I feel I'm only on 'condem' for, sir," I says, being pulled up in time, or I might have gone deeper and deeper into crime, and

#### Perhaps Committed a Murder."

"Pon my word, I believe he was a good man. I was particularly quiet and industrious that day. Twelve o'clock came. One o'clock, two, three, four."

"Warden Henderson was off duty. Yes, within the next hour I would be off duty too."

"I deduced roundly—wonderful industries, cleaning windows, brasses, doorsteps, and what-not. I cleaned a window seven times that day. I was everywhere at once, so 'steady' and holy towards the Lord."

"At last Warden Henderson and Jennings settled down to their great pre-arranged draughts contest."

"Archie, me boy," I says, 'now or never. Risk nothing, gain nothing. It's a game of draughts, and it's your turn to move.' He said, 'I was a quick change artist for once. I was nearly busting myself all the time with suppressed laughter.'

#### It was Such a Huge Joke.

"I couldn't have taken it more than three minutes to effect the change of clothes. Moustache fitted exactly. The warden himself had been taking me for Warden Henderson. Now for the final act! I quietly left the room, got into the yard without being noticed, and advanced bravely and boldly towards the gate-keeper's entry-hall, and saluted him. He returned the compliment, and I passed through the little door in the huge gateway, and stood outside—a free man in a free country!"

"In the dull, heavy twilight of that November evening, it would have been impossible to have detected me by a mere ordinary look. My disguise was perfect."

"I zig-zagged among the streets, and was soon far away beyond the precincts of Warden Henderson's Convict Depot. It took me a little time to realize I was a free man. I had to pinch myself to feel if I were awake or dreaming. This feeling of freedom was intoxicating. I was a fugitive in London for eight months, but I had myself to whatever I wanted. I had only one trade at my finger-ends, and that was the 'handy' trade. I was a free man, and I had no intention of getting an honest living. My whole life was devoted to the study of crime."

"At last I was compelled to abandon my unlawful studies for a time. I was recruited in Drury Lane, and safely returned to the 'Home of Rest' I had so quickly left. I was a free man, and I had the coming retribution that would fall upon me for my base ingratitude in leaving the 'Convicts' Home, without even shaking hands and saying good-bye to the dear kind chaplain who had several times spoken to me like a father and manifested some interest in me."

(To Be Continued).

## LONDON HELPS THE RESCUE WORK.

AMONG the recent paragraphs in the War Cry making mention of the Lady of London to Army work, reads: "Reads informs us that London City Council has already given the Women's Social Work, and has done so for some time."

## The Central Ontario Province.

By THE NEW PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

HANK GOD we are at last beginning to find out what we are doing, at least as far as the official part of our work is concerned. We must thank God for a good, comfortable set of Offices, thanks to the Property Department at Territorial, and ready and willing to help in connection with our new work."

Perhaps a few paragraphs from some of these letters will be readable:

ADJUTANT BRADLEY, writing from Whitby, says: "We are both pleased to welcome you to the Central Ontario Province, and pray that the Lord will make you and Mrs. Read a great blessing to us, and I can assure you of our hearty cooperation in all things concerning the Kingdom."

"I just thought I would write a few lines to welcome you. I am pleased at the appointment, and believe that God will make you a blessing. You can rely on my being true to the principles of the Army, and doing my best to help you." So says CAPTAIN CRAWFORD.

CAPTAIN STEPHENS, of Chesley, writes: "I congratulate you on your promotion, and welcome you to the Central Ontario Province. My prayer is that God will give you every success in your new work."

CAPTAIN LOTT, of Sudbury, writes: "Just a few words to let you know I welcome you to our Province, praying that your labor among us will prove a great blessing."

"CAPTAIN DODGE writes thus: 'Captain Gammage and Mrs. Dodge join with me in extending to you a most hearty welcome. I am so glad your health is improving, and am sure that God is going to make you a blessing to every Officer, Soldier, and many backsliders and sinners in this Province. Hallelujah!'"

HERE IS A PORTION OF WYNN'S kind letter: "It is with great pleasure I welcome you and Mrs. Read, also Staff-Captain and Mrs. Minnie to the Central Ontario Province, as our leaders. Our prayer for you all is that God will bless you in all your efforts to push on the War, and that you may see great results. Mrs. Wynn and myself are with you to do all that we can to strengthen your hands."

CAPTAIN McCANN'S little note of welcome was cheering indeed. Here is a part of it: "You cannot tell how delighted I was to hear of your appointment as our Provincial Officers, and by God's help I intend to do my best to help you in every way. I trust your health is so perfect, but it will only help us to love you better and rally round you more."

ADJUTANT MALTBY, of Bowmanville, writes: "Hearty congratulations on your promotion and welcome to this Province. God will use you to lead us on to victory. I trust your health is better, and that the Lord will sustain you in your work."

CAPTAIN LEWIS of the Old Motor Corps, Richmond Street, writes a very nice little note, saying: "It is with all my heart I welcome you and Mrs. Read to the Central Ontario Province. May you have a blessed, successful command, and I pray that wisdom and guidance may be yours to direct in all things."

CAPTAIN LACEY, of Hamilton, says: "We cannot tell you how pleased we were when we heard of your appointment. Mrs. Lacey shouted glory! I trust your health is very pleased indeed over your appointment, for we will stand by you to the end."

The following is from ADJUTANT McLEAN, Hamilton: "Just a line from Mrs. McLean and myself to say that we are very pleased indeed over your appointment to this Province. We can assure you and Staff-Captain Minnie that we are praying for you, and stand by you and the dear old Army in the glorious work that God has appointed us to. You shall have our prayers and love at all times."

We thank ADJUTANT HUGHES very much. He writes thus: "With all my heart I extend to you a right royal and hearty welcome as our Provincial leaders. May you please to give us the wisdom to lead us on to mighty victories! I am yours to help hold up your hands always."

Our old Comrade, ENSIGN JONES, of Brimley, writes: "Just a line to let you know how glad we are that the Commissioner has appointed you to be our Provincial Officers. We are equally pleased to know that you are a worthy Chancellor as Staff-Captain Minnie. We extend to you ten thousand welcomes. We are all glad to hear that God may restore you to perfect health for the great work resting upon you."

Oh, that God may sweep over the Central!



SERGEANT MARY JANE McLEAN, of Port Arthur.

## FOUR SOULS START FOR HEAVEN.

WHEN asked whether she wished to get better or no, "If God will," she replied, and the quick reply, as she was leaving our ranks below, to join the glorious throng in Heaven. On September 24th, 1914, with three others, she knelt at the Cross, and found a Saviour from sin. Since that time she has been a faithful and devoted Comrade, ever willing to rebuke half-heartedness, and sin of every kind, not only by word, but by her practical life. She was very energetic in pushing the War Cry, and never backward in doing anything for Jesus. She lived a Soldier, she fought as a Soldier, died a Soldier, on May 24th, and we gave her a real Soldier's funeral. As we followed her remains to the Liverpool Cemetery, the way was moved. A large crowd of Soldiers marched, and some hundreds of people witnessed the scene. Crowds were not able to get into the barracks. At the night meeting after the funeral, two souls volunteered for Salvation.



On Sunday, May 23rd, we held her Memorial Service, which was very impressive. The barracks were crowded, the beloved friends of our glorified Comrade being present. While the Local Officers and other Comrades, including a sister of Mary's, spoke of our Comrade's devotion and loyalty, and sang some of her favorite songs, many were moved to tears, and two more souls surrendered their hearts and lives to God, one being Mary's brother. Father, mother, sister and brothers are Salvationists, and more determined to fight and meet Mary around the Throne.

JOHN S. GALE, Adjutant.

## The Red Rig.

THE RED RIG is a familiar object on the streets of Toronto, and the number of the Army's sympathizers left behind by Mrs. Commandant Booth, of her practical interest in the Social work of the Army.

The Red Rig is a covered-in van, on four wheels, and was built to Mrs. Booth's order, who herself collected the thing from the streets of Toronto, and the Rescue and Children's Shelter, of Toronto, as a clean gift.

The Red Rig is a regular visitor at the streets of the Army's sympathizers. The names appeared so often in the "Thanks" list of this paper. Ensign Grace Boper, a bright little Army lassie, generally drove the thing round to the stores-keeper and meet with the greatest kindness, with scarcely an exception. By means of the gifts of food from kind-hearted citizens of Toronto, the large family of a needy one for whom the Army holds itself responsible are largely helped.

"GOD ETERNALLY LOVES HIS OWN IMAGE," AND AS HE DOES SO, HE MUST FOREVER HATE THAT WHICH DEFEATS IT.



# Battle Bulletins

## WAR IN MONTANA

### And How the Lasso Officers Go Through Difficulties.

(Special).

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA. — Ensign Fitzgerald, of the Helena Home, has paid us a visit, explaining the work done in the homes in the West. We rejoiced with over the victories won, while she helped us with her precious, cheery words and songs. Livingston folk responded to her appeal for financial assistance gladly and the Ensign left us over \$40 richer than when she came. God bless our Rescue Comrades! Having promised to return a friendly visit of Captain Corlett's, we arranged at the close of the Ensign's stay, what we thought would be a pleasant drive to Bozeman. So, with buggy and saddle horse, we set out. But, whether set in mind or not, we were soon discovered that these mountain roads are, to say the least of it, not easy to travel on at night. To make things worse, the sun soon hid his face and it rained. On we crawled at a snail's gait hour after hour, wet, cold, hungry. Our twice old "mule" dare slide down from her perch on the horse's back, for fear of being in the position of the Indian, whose friends had to get a shovel to dig him out—then it was to dry her soaked clothes at a rancher's fire. However, we got to Bozeman before night closed upon us. But I am afraid Ensign will never want to take her for a drive again. Our Soldiers here have gone to the country, many of them, since the fine weather in, some to ranches, some to mines, cow-herding, etc., carrying the precious Gospel message and the Spirit of God and the Army with them. Think of them as the Army with them. Think of them as the Army with them. Think of them as the Army with them.

#### Dillon, Mont.

We are having real blessed meetings here although we have not got our crowd back yet; but God is working us wonderfully, and we are determined to dig on and do our best for His Kingdom. It is here, Hallelujah, brothers. The brothers have gone to the country. We hold the fort. Yours to win, — M. A. W.

#### Helena, Mont.

Going on to victory every day. We did have a new Major a few days, but lost him before we knew it. Well, Major Southall will leave some very warm friends on this coast; but we will give the new Brigadier Jolly Monday's welcome. He is our first Brigadier of course we will be proud of him! Rogers, Reg. Cor.

#### Temple Corps.

Sunday last we had Captain Arthur here with us, one of the old-time Officers. Good meeting! Jolly Monday's welcome to the Women's Shelter. We are praying for her. Eighty-two Soldiers present at last Roll-call and a lively time it was, too.—F. Turhott, Reg. Cor.

#### Fargo, N.D.

Glory to God. He is faithful to His promises! We prayed to God to save. We were not disappointed. P.O.M. came and time to our souls. We closed believing for greater victories to follow.—Amie Lindborg, for Ensign Thomas and Captain Baxter.

#### Newport, Vt.

One dear brother came to our meeting on the 28th, and before the meeting was over, he arose from his seat and said "I will try again." The last two years of his life was spent in drinking, horse-riding and gambling, but the Lord heard his prayer, and He put him on the Solid Rock—Christ Jesus.—J. L. M.

#### Point St. Charles.

Monday night we had Mrs. Brigadier Read with us. She lectured on the Duties of Society. We had our hall filled with an attentive audience, who listened for one hour to the work done by the League of Mercy and what it had accomplished in the past. We also had Adjutant Tolson, the devoted, progressive, and five sisters from No. 1. We pray God bless the League of Mercy! W. Goodall, Reg. Cor.

#### Dresden Doings.

Dresden has said good-bye to Ensign and Mrs. Savage. Although sorry to lose them, yet our people follow them to their new field of labor. Ensign Green has been appointed, but, and to say, the summer break-down in health, has not yet arrived.

However, Captain Collier is right nobly lending us on, and we have had the great joy of seeing people from New York to Jesus since he arrived. The Soldiers and Dand lads are full of light and are determined on victory.—H. E. Collier.

#### Bermuda's Farewell to Major Pagnire and Staff-Capt. Gage

In mourning to-day, Major and Staff-Captain Gage bid a last farewell to the Bermuda people for the 23rd of the year. Hand and Soldiers to the number of 85, —watch the figures—marched the beloved leaders to the "Orinoco," where an immense crowd gathered all over the docks, on piles of lumber, and the verandahs, to hear the last words and receive the final "God bless you" from the Major. Then the steamer moved off for New York to the strains of Auld Lang Syne. God bless the work done in Bermuda while they were here. Hallelujah! — A. G. Cor.

#### CORRECTION.

The last word in the second paragraph from the item of the "Alice May" was "in" (it should be "lighter" instead of "lighter.")

Tabernacle that he left his paint-pot, and, carrying the brushes in his hand, made his way to the ring and listened absorbed.

"If we can't serve God here, where we are shut away from temptation and have godly Officers around us, where can we serve Him? So says George Edwards, of the Agricultural Department, Social Farm.

All the Officers of East Ontario are expected at Kingston at the time of Adjutant Blackburn's wedding, for a big Coronation, led by the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp.

BROTHER STATHATROY. — Many Officers have noticed in the press through the country of this Comrade's arrest as an incendiary, which he has confessed to since being saved, with the result of his being arrested. The West Ontario Comrade wrote and interviewed the Crown Attorney, and endeavored to make a good impression on the Government officials as to the work of the Army in this case, at the same time asking that clemency be shown our Comrade. The Crown Attorney has assured the Chancellor that the Court will give the weight to the good intentions which he has urged, and will see that his letter is brought before the Judge, and afterwards, if necessary, before the Government, with a view of granting a pardon to him.

## MISSING

(First Week.)

HESEKETH FAMILY. Henry Hesketh, aged 84 years; Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee Hesketh, and Mrs. James H. Chance, all formerly of Marsh Lane, Euston, England. Henry Hesketh and his sister, Mrs. Anderson, were last heard of us farming in Canada about 25 years ago. Something to their advantage. Enquiries made from Australia.

YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 14 years ago. Last heard from about 18 years ago. Was then at Prescott, Arizona, U. S. A. He will write to his sister, Sybilla Jones, Lake Tawestock, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William Young, Vancouver, B. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco City please copy.

(Second Week.)

1254. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 84, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee ASKELL, and Mrs. James H. Chance, all formerly of Marsh Lane, Euston, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

1253. THOMAS SOYER, age 33; tall, stout, light complexion; dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1880 near or cook by trade.

1252. JOHN ROADLEY. Left Regina, N. W., about 12 years ago. Last heard from was at Birmingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

1251. SARAH LEE. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont. Age about 22.

1250. PETER MUNRO. Age 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard of at Mossburn, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

1249. ALBERT RAND and sister, MARTINE RAND; believed by their father, Albert Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

1248. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Fred Perry). Last heard from was at Calgary, N. W. T. American City please copy.

1247. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from was at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

1246. MARY ANN CURRIE. Married a Mr. Timothy Patterson. Last heard from five years ago; was living then at Ancestor. Her niece enquires.

1245. JOHN ROBERT FUDGE. Was last heard from in November, 1882; was then living on London Street, Toronto. Left for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

1244. MRS. KATE GRAPES. Age 60. Was last heard from at West Bromfield, Ont., with her two daughters in 1882. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Grapes.

1243. ELIZABETH JENKINS and FRED JENKINS. Last heard from was in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

1242. ALFRED HOWEY. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

1241. WILLIAM RUFF. Left St. Heilens, N. B., for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. Was last heard from was in the Salvation Army. Married a Captain Wilson. His mother enquires.

# The Column of Conquerors.

ADVANCE OF THE HUNDREDS—THE WAR CRY WRITES A LETTER—BRAND NEW BOOMERS BRAVE A JUBILEE SUGGESTION.

Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	200
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax L.	210
Capt. Hill, Picton	180
Mrs. Adjt. Cass, London	170
Ensign Walker, Cornwall	120
Ensign Kennedy, Brockville	110
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Brantford	115
Lieut. Condon, Charlottetown, P. E. I.	111
Ensign Armstrong, St. John I.	110
Cadet Lloyd, Winnipeg	109
Mrs. Essien Wynne, Collingwood	105
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon	100
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	90
Sister Jessie McCann, Stratford	85
Capt. Moffatt, Vancouver	80
Capt. Bentley, Brantford	75
Sister Medlock, Richmond, Street	70
Capt. Primer, Charlottetown, P. E. I.	75
Mrs. Moore, Victoria	70
Cadet Brander, Winnipeg	70
Sergt. Major Leam, St. John I.	70
Lieut. Pierce, Grafton	70
Capt. Huntington, Desereler	65
J. P. Phillips, Vancouver	65
Mrs. Law, Victoria	65
Capt. Bragg, Woodstock	65
Lieut. Graham, "at Portage"	65
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage	65
Lieut. Gatzke, Gull	60
Capt. Ellis, York, Ontario, Toronto	60
Capt. Brant, Aurora	60
Patron Dixon, Temple	60
Sister Maude Crocker, London	60
Mrs. Hays, London	60
Mrs. Barker, Kingston	60
Annie Woodard, Brantford	60
Mrs. Smith, Guelph	60
Capt. Hillman, Colborne	60
Capt. Collett, Walkerton	60
Mrs. Thompson	60
Cadet Bentley, New Westminster	60
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	60
Capt. Nyland, Desereler	60
Capt. Dyer, Keswick	60
Capt. Giesse, Cambelford	60
Gussie Valls, Hamilton, Bermuda	60
Mother Lewis, Montreal	60
John Hicks, Kingston	60
Cadet Barlow, Winnipeg	60
Lieut. Fred Palmer, London	60
Lieut. Dickens, Montreal	60
Lieut. Giesse, Vancouver	60
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside, Toronto	60
Capt. DeBarn, London	60
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Brantford	60
Mrs. Sims, Kingston	60
Lieut. Fayton, Paris	60
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg	60
Capt. Parker, Kingston	60
Mrs. Lewis, St. John I.	60
Cadet Smith, St. John I.	60
Cadet Slater, Stroud	60
Almena Smith, Kingston	60
Capt. W. Ben, Kempville	60
Sergt. Thom, Seaford	60
Lieut. Trappie, Kempville	60
Brother Mapple, Kingston	60
Sister Anna Free, Brantford	60
Cadet McLean, Winnipeg	60
Capt. Mrs. Giesse, Cambelford	60
Sister Ethel Smith, Guelph	60
Cadet Dunn, St. John I.	60
Cadet Branson, Winnipeg	60
Cadet Barn, Woodstock	60
Sister E. Van Norman, Guelph	60
Cadet Cowan, St. John I.	60
Brother Lewis, Richmond St., Toronto	60
Capt. Moore, Poughkeepsie	60
Hro. G. Pickering, Hamilton, Ber.	60
Hro. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	60
Cadet Notting, Poughkeepsie	60
Capt. Hays, Montreal	60
Adjt. Moore, Riverside, Toronto	60
Ensign Orchard, Galt	60
Lieut. Puzler, Walkerton	60
Sister E. Hensell, Riverside, Toronto	60
Brother Wm. Statner, Riverside, Tor.	60
Mrs. Giesse, Yorkville, Toronto	60
Brother Norfolk, London	60
Brother Douglas, Cornwall	60
Capt. Wm. Fisher, Seaford	60
Sister G. Colley, Montreal	60
Mrs. Little, London	60
Sister J. Wilson, Montreal	60
Sister Nugent, St. John I.	60
Sister Trousdale, Vancouver	60

Excellent, Sergeant Fred Bell! But

## Where are the Other Fifty?

Take care of thy position, for Captain McIntyre is full steam behind.

It will be noticed that the figures this week are given for one week only—the latest totals received at the Competition Desk are inserted. But, of course, the distance must be run. Halifax's ruler in the Far West to be one week earlier than those in Ontario and vicinity.

## The Lost "Ma's"

Advertised for in the Missing paragraph of our own column, are still eluded by the head in the rear. Halifax's Ma is an exception, who champions

bravely. Where are the worthies? Are they buried beneath a pile of our pen refuses to write War Cry.

## "We are Still Pushing You"

and mean to do so. I have not written for some time, but you can put me down this week for 30 selling in hotel, as well as to farmers. Yours to boom, Captain Slater, Stroud, Ont.

## Reply.

Dear Captain: I crumpled with pleasure at your note. You take me to the right place when you flame my red-hot Salvation letterings in the hotels and saloons. I never show to such advantage as when in the company of a Boomer amongst the boomers. But, my dear Captain, a word in this case: Is 30 the max? Yours here the tussle,

## THE WAR CRY.

The War Cry must be forgiven for well-nigh relapsing into Latin. It is so agitated that the pushing capabilities of the Captain and others should be put to further lengths, and the aforesaid 30 swelled into — ! ! ! !

## The Gallant Boomers of Berlin

sold, in a brigade of five sellers, 15 War Cry. Sergeant Bowman, Mrs. Captain Slater, Sister G. Hillard, Sister Whitmore and Sister M. Shuster secured this increase of five over last total. Where are the brother brigade members in this charge?

We are glad to welcome to our conquering column Sister Medlock and Brother Lewis, of Richmond Street. Judging by the way she commenced, Sister Medlock evidently has an early eye upon the 100's.

Hro. J. A. Phillips, of Hilborn, wishes us to state that he has recently commenced to sell Young Soldiers and not War Cry, as stated a little way back. He appears to be an old boomer after all. What a pity that he is absent from the "lists!"

"Dear Editor: It was twelve years ago last New Year's Eve that I came out in the Army as a Soldier. Captain Holtham, (now Mrs. Brigadier Glover) and Captain Spooner (now Brigadier) that I was led to sell War Cry. The Lord blessed me abundantly, and I believe He used me as an instrument in His hands for the blessing of others. I believe there are some in Heaven to-day that I was the means, with His help, of their conversion. But three years out of the twelve I was out of the Army, partly through illness and partly through suggestions of the devil; but it will be three years the 20th of next September since I came back in the Army. I have been fighting for God and selling War Cry ever since. With God's help I mean to sell War Cry and work for Him until He calls me home; then when I get through marching down here, I expect to march the streets of gold."

brotherly love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John iv. 16.

I remain, your Sister Conqueror and War Cry seller,  
MRS. LYDIA BARNER,  
Kingston, Ont.

June's great Jubilee has nearly overtaken us boomers all. How many extractions for you to take to celebrate the occasion? !

"You cannot serve God and mammon" is a truth declared by the Son of God Himself, and yet thousands are trying experimentally to prove that they can.

# A Scripture Study FOR The Band of Love.

## I AND MY FATHER ARE ONE.

GOD IS ETERNAL—CHRIST IS ETERNAL.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."—Psa. xc. 2.  
"In the beginning was the Word."—John i. 1.

GOD IS UNCHANGEABLE—CHRIST IS UNCHANGEABLE.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.  
"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

GOD IS OMNIPRESENT—CHRIST IS OMNIPRESENT.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."—Prov. xv. 3.  
"Lo, I am with you always."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

GOD IS OMNISCIENT—CHRIST IS OMNISCIENT.

"The Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts."—I Chron. xiv. 2.  
"Jesus . . . knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for He knew what was in man."—John ii. 25.

GOD IS POWERFUL—CHRIST IS POWERFUL.

"Great is our Lord, and of great power."—Psa. cxviii. 5.  
"He can cut and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth."—Matt. xxviii. 18.

GOD IS HOLY—CHRIST IS HOLY.

"The Lord your God is holy."—Lev. xix. 2.  
"Christ . . . did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth."—I Pet. ii. 22.

GOD IS TRUE—CHRIST IS TRUE.

"The Lord is the true God."—Jer. x. 10.  
"That we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ."—1 John v. 20.

GOD IS JUDGE—CHRIST IS JUDGE.

"We are come to God, the Judge of all."—Heb. xii. 23.  
"God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."—Acts xv. 24.

GOD IS LIGHT—CHRIST IS LIGHT.

"God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."—1 John i. 5.  
"I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John vi. 12.

GOD IS LOVE—CHRIST LOVES.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John iv. 16.  
"As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you."—John xv. 9.

GOD IS FAITHFUL—CHRIST IS FAITHFUL.

"The Lord thy God, He is God, the faithful God."—Deut. xii. 5.  
"It is a faithful saying . . . If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself."—2 Tim. ii. 13.

GOD IS COMPASSIONATE—CHRIST IS COMPASSIONATE.

"The Lord was gracious unto them, and had compassion on them."—2 Kings xiii. 22.  
"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Heb. iv. 15.

GOD IS MERCIFUL—CHRIST IS MERCIFUL.

"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."—Psa. cxli. 8.  
"That He (Christ Jesus) might be a merciful High Priest."—Heb. v. 2.

GOD IS TO BE PRAISED—CHRIST IS TO BE PRAISED.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised."—Psa. cxv. 3.  
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. v. 12.

—Sel.

# THE SCOTTER (G) MAIL-BAG

A Member of the M. E. Church in Jefferson Co., Montana, Speaks Highly of Army Work and the War Cry.

Mr. Francis, of Elkhorn, sends a somewhat lengthy epistle, from which we pass on to the next item.

MAY GOD BLESS THE ARMY! I am a member of the Methodist Church. Last month, Helena Fitzpatrick and Cadet Olson, of Helena County, came to help us in the special meeting, and great work was done by their labor. THIRTEEN SOULS.

They went from house to house helping those that were in need, NO MATTER WHO THEY WERE, and pointing them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Such sacrifice! Such heroism! I much devoted women! God bless them! Yes, and bless them, too. Such ladies as they, with the love of Christ in their hearts, and loving their neighbours as themselves, should receive the respect of every citizen.

I have been in the Army meetings at Helena when visiting that city, and they are far from frozen; they are doing a glorious work. I wish I could wish my words could convey to you the deep feelings of my heart regarding it, and that they would awake the Christian and all citizens to a sense of their duty, that they might come and help bear the burden, and see that this glorious work which they are doing in OUR STATE, MONTANA, is given a generous spiritual and financial assistance.

Christians, let us pray that God's richest blessing may come upon them. I have seen such girls who were once happy in their homes, and who have been led into a life of degradation, brought back to self-respect and virtue. WHERE? do you say?

At the Salvation Rescue Home in Helena.

I can prove this. God bless the Rescue Work! I can name men by the score whom the Army has taken as hopeless drunkards, and reformed and Christianized them, and they have become workers in the Army and the Church. God bless the drunkard, and save him!

And this is not the only place in which good has been done by the Army. IT IS ALL OVER THE STATE.

A word to the Christian: Let us help these men and women. Every Christian should feel that it is his privilege and duty to help, for by helping others Christ will help us.

Our standards are ready to help us with our work as He did the fishermen of old, and let love be in all we do. Amen! This place is about forty miles from Helena, and sell them all but one; that I keep for my family and self. So in selling the Army and other ways help them. The Army are grand! How we love them! May God bless the Cry! My testimony is this:

"My heart is fixed, eternal God, Fixed on Thee; And my immovable voice is made— Christ for me."

Glorify to Jesus, my Saviour! Amen!

ARTHUR FRANCIS,  
Elkhorn, Jefferson Co., Mont.

NELSON, B.C.

(Special).

GOD has been with the Salvation Army in this town, and blessed the work greatly. On the first of August, when Lieutenant Zieher held that splendid Sunday meeting at the Fire Hall, between three and four hundred people were present. Since rescue work began, we have had a most impressive meeting. A clergyman was amongst the audience, and some of the best citizens. We have seen the work of sin that night. We are content to trust Him to finish the work begun. This town offers a splendid field for the Army, and in the short time the officers have been here there have been conversions all along the line. Our Officers have gained the respect and love of all classes. It will, we feel, be hard to adequately fill their places. We are trusting and believing, however, that God will send the workers to carry on the work in this town, where the Salvation Army has gained a strong hold upon the affections of the people.—Brother A. W. Hindley.

THE GREAT TEMPTATION THE DEVIL HAS FOR THE SOLDIER IS "EAGERNESS TO BE FIRST IN THE RING OF THE ALMIGHTY DOES NOT SIGNIFY COMFORT, BUT SAFETY."



W. Medlock. Capt. Lewis. Bro. Medlock. Bro. Walton. Bro. Pedlar. Mrs. Medlock. L. Medlock. Lydia Medlock. Augustus Allison.

## HELPS For J. S. Workers.

JUNE 27th.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.  
Psalm ciii.

"BLESS THE LORD."

David began by praising the Lord—he was in spirit like a true Salvationist. Let us never neglect our sacrifice of praise. One of the greatest powers of the Salvation Army is its happiness. This happiness springs from a heart that is full of praise to God and attracts the poor, dark and unhappy world to look towards its Savior.

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."

We are not likely to forget the great gift of Salvation which He has given us through the death of our Saviour on the Cross, but we must not omit to remember the smaller daily blessings which He has been so mindful to provide us with. All the provisions of our health and happiness, all the small victories over temptations, all that His love and grace has showered upon us—let us remember and be thankful for them all.

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

What a wonderful God is ours—able, not only to forgive the past, but to cure the disease of sin in the soul. Then, as regards our physical ailments, it is He who blesses the means we use and let the doctors' physio do us good.

"REDEEMETH THY LIFE."

With what a price was our eternal life redeemed—the death of God's only Son. In the light of such a sacrifice, let us live our every moment.

GOOD THINGS.

We often hear people complaining like the Israelites in the wilderness over the hardness of their lot, but if we look round on the store of "good things" that our Heavenly Father has showered down upon us, what unlimited store of blessings we see. With good things for this temporal life and good things for our souls' welfare, and just the very kind of blessings which our loving Father sees His children are in need, He has filled our lives.

RIGHTHOUSNESS AND JUDGMENT.

On the surface the world looks as if all was all wrong and as if the wicked prospered. But sooner or later, even in this life, the oppressed are avenged and the unrighteous are punished.

"SLOW TO ANGER . . . PLENTIFUL IN MERCY."

Were God not so loving—so tender over His often erring children, many would fall far short of Heaven. But He "knoweth our frame." He remembers that we are only mortal and bears with our imperfections while we are willing to learn of Him who can make us conquerors over the last remains of sin. It is His mercy which has not rewarded us according to our iniquities, and that has removed the transgressions of those who have come to Him through Jesus so far away.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

What a picture of love and watchful care. The great and Holy God is willing and wanting to be to us a Heavenly Parent, guiding, providing for, and keeping all our days.

"TO SUCH AS KEEP HIS COVENANT."

It is to the obedient that the Lord reveals Himself. It is to His sincere and humble follower that He shows the brightness and beauty of His blessings and to whom He speaks.

A CHORUS OF HALLELUJAHs.

What a mighty army are those who bless the Lord. We join hands with the angels when we praise His name, and we join hands with His servants, whenever or wherever they are, when we kneel before Him in thankful prayer and in our lives work His will and pleasure, which is the most God-glorifying praise of all.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is one of the chief powers of the Salvation Army in attracting sinners?
2. Mention some of the beautiful blessings which God has given us?
3. Why are we sure that God is plentiful in mercy?
4. To whom is the Lord like as a Father?
5. How best can we praise God?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Like as a father pitieth His children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Give a man without love power to move a mountain and he will always move it the wrong way.

[SHORT STORY.]

## One Among Many, Or, HOW A BARTENDER GOT SAVED.

CHARLIE W.—is a bartender in a saloon, and to-night is his night off, so, with a companion, a cigar store-keeper, is off on a "whirl," and is doing the town in fine style.

"Hello, what's the row? I guess there's some fun—a fight on—see the mob!"

"No, that's the Salvation Army holding an open-air, and the crowd is having some fun with them."

"Let's see them a minute!"

"Wow! a potato hit that fellow right in the ear. What's that he says? 'God bless you?'—well that beats Bonzebub!"

"Whack!! 'Did you hear that stone crack that bass?—What? well, I'm best! she does take that cool—says 'Hallelujah!'"

"There, they are going to their hall now; let's go and get another smile."

"Hold on!—See the stuff coming now!"

—and a perfect blizzard of rotten fruit and vegetables gives the few Salvationists a parting salute.

"I'm going to the hall to see what they do there!"

"Let's have a drink first!"

"No; wait till we see where the hall is!"

Inside the hall, the Salvationists find a few people, but their number slowly increases as the toughs come in to avoid the Police Officer, who is at a safe distance to keep order. They at once get to work to make the best of the opportunity at hand, and plainly and fearlessly speak, sing and pray for the conversion of souls.

.....

The Sergeant-Major has taken particular notice of Charlie and his companion, and has noticed a peculiar uneasiness in Charlie, such as soul-seekers can discern when a soul is under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit.

.....

As soon as the prayer-meeting commenced he was at the side of Charlie, and pleading hard with him to decide "NOW."

The meeting has closed, with no yielding on either side. The Soldiers had all gone, the Captain waited to look up,—the Sergeant-Major said, "More faith for me, Lord!"

"If I could be satisfied that God could take out the DESIRES for sin I could trust Him to save from the past," said Charlie.

It happened the Sergeant-Major was saved from a great deal of sin, and his experience up to the time of his conversion was almost on the same line as Charlie's, so he gave him a page of his own life, the scene of his conversion, and a leaf of his life since then—"Praise God!"

—Charlie is on his knees; his soul breaks loose in agonizing prayer, and he cried to God to give Him this liberty and Salvation.

Charlie: "I can't get the assurance." Sergeant-Major: "Well, dump out your hindrances, now," and out comes a pipe, then a couple of plugs of tobacco, then a handful of cigars.

The Sergeant-Major executed a waltz-dance on them, and soon Charlie's soul is at liberty.

He went as soon as possible to see his people, whom he has treated very meanly in the past, to tell them the news and ask forgiveness. But Satan is not going to give him up so easily. He sent along some kind of discouragements, and poor Charlie yields, and for a time he goes in the ways of evil. But that night in the little Corps, where he met Jesus Christ and found peace, still clings to him, and he comes home to Father's house, repentant. A work was done that overthrew Satan's power, and he was free.

At the time of writing, Charlie is a member of the Excelsior Guards' Band, in the United States, and every member of the Band say that he is a proper, well-saved fellow.—Longfellow.

## BRIGADIER READ'S FIRST RECORD ON THE WHEEL.

At three o'clock started to learn the wheel. At ten past three could ride. At twenty past three could make turns, mount and get off. Rested a while, then rode two miles home.

The only crank we esteem is the crank God takes hold of to turn the world.

One of the first things to do is to lay plans for the Summer's Campaign. Do not confine your work to the Barracks; seek out the resorts of the crowds. Go for the crowds!—Agitation.

TWO YOUNG MEN attended the meetings recently led by Major Gaskin in Kingston. Captain Parker dealt with them both about their souls. One yielded and was saved and is now in Heaven; the other refused Salvation, although feeling deeply about it. Went out, stole some tobacco, and is now doing a six-months' term in Central Prison.

# SONGS.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades dear, B. B., 9;  
Prinzie, B. J., 143, 1.

**1** Lord Jesus, grant my soul's desire,  
Send down Thy sanctifying fire,  
And purge me from all sin;  
That I may show to all around,  
The peace and joy that I have found,  
Through living pure within.

I long to have my will subdued,  
My heart in every thought renewed,  
And fashioned like Thyne own;  
Thy promises in me abide,  
Trench me to do Thy blessed will,  
And live for Thee alone.

I want to be more like Thee, Lord,  
In every action, deed and word,  
In thought and purpose, too;  
I want more love, more power to fight,  
A perfect heart to do the right,  
To God and souls be true.  
L. Woollard, Captain.

## I Will Follow Jesus.

Tune.—In the Cross, B. J., 8, 3.

**2** I will follow Thee, my Lord,  
Whoso'er Thine is the word,  
When the path seems dark and  
hard,  
I'll cling close to Jesus.

Chorus.

Follow Thee, follow Thee,  
Precious, loving Saviour,  
Till I come to reign with Thee,  
Up in Heaven for ever!

I will follow Thee, my Lord,  
In the hour of sorrow;  
Things which seem so dark to-day,  
May be bright to-morrow.

Help me follow Thee, dear Lord,  
All through life's rough journey;  
When my earthly race is run,  
Bring me safe to Glory.

G. Waterman, Captain,  
Wakefield 1.

## Now I Am Free.

Tune.—"Hear Jesus is the One I Love."  
**3** I once was bound by Satan's chain,  
In worldly things I took delight,  
But Jesus washed away my sin,  
And now I'm living in the light.

Chorus.

Dear Jesus is the One I love.

For Christ, my Master, now I live,  
He gives me constant peace and joy,  
A peace this world can never give,  
And praise the Lord, it can't destroy.

Poor sinner, Jesus calls to thee,  
Oh, come before it be too late;  
To-morrow you may never see,  
Then come to Jesus while he waits.

And when at last the battle's won,  
And all our fighting here is o'er,  
We'll hear the Master say: "Well done,  
Come, dwell with Me for ever more."

## War and Rejoicing.

Tunes.—What's the News? B. J., 12, 3;  
In Memoriam, B. J., 308, 3; Come to  
Me, B. J., 102, 2; Better World, B. J.,  
11, 2.

**4** Oh, sing it out, ye ransomed throng,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
And send the joyous cry along,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Go sing it out in street and lane,  
In court and slum take up the strain;  
Repeat it o'er and o'er again,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

O'er the waters send the sound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Unto earth's remotest bound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Let heathen China hear of Christ,  
Let India's millions lift their voice,  
And Africa with us rejoice,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

A priceless prize we have in view,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
And we are sure to win it, too,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Our faith's keen eye the sight beholds,  
Millions of precious, blood-bought souls  
Entering into the Saviour's fold,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

## This Never Fails.

Tunes.—It Was on the Cross, B. J., 17, 2;  
Why Not To-night? B. J., 131, 1; To  
Heal the Broken Heart, B. J., 16, 4.

**5** When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
All earthly gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.



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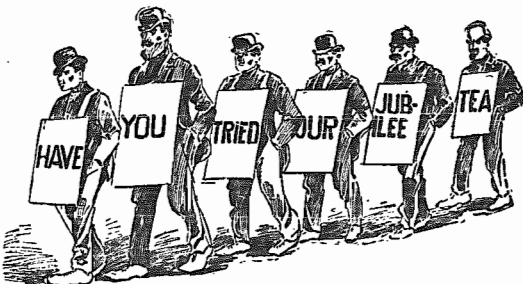
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TORONTO, ONT.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See I from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Tune.—Shiner, See Ton Light. B. J., 48, 2.

**6** Shiner, see you light,  
Shining clear and bright,  
From the Cross on Calvary,  
Where the Saviour died,  
And from His side  
Came the Blood that sets us free.

Chorus.

Come away, come away,  
To the Cross for refuge flee;  
See the Saviour stands  
With His bleeding hands,  
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,  
When He knelt and prayed,  
Oh, what pain and agony!  
When His brow was wet  
With bloody sweat  
In the garden of Gethsemane.

Come away to Him  
And confess your sin,  
Come to Him who died for thee;  
To His foot come near,  
With heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

## A Life of Sin.

Tune.—Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

**7** I was lost and undone, for my path  
I had run,  
And a wretched, vile life I was  
living;  
I had wasted my life, had a heart full of  
strife.  
Yet I knew that I might be forgiven,  
But I longed not for peace, nor my sins  
that they ceased.  
That I might live a life full of blessing,  
And a joy in my soul, that would make  
me quite whole  
If I came to the Saviour confessing.

Chorus.

I was burdened with this vain world  
sin,  
Boasting daily in the misery from within.  
Serving Satan, binding my soul by sin,  
Wasting my talents of gold that God  
gave me.

I was grieving my God in the path which  
I trod,  
And a careless, vile sinner in darkness,  
Caring not for the right, losing strength  
day and night,  
As I walked in my ways, oh, so care-  
less  
I would not heed the call, and what-  
ever  
did befall,  
I would walk in my own sin and sorrow,  
And whenever I heard of the book of  
God's Word,  
It would pierce me right through like  
an arrow.

But it did not last long, though the  
tempter was strong;  
I resolved that to Christ I would hasten  
And get rid of my sin and get pardon  
within,  
And to turn back on God I would never.  
I was sick of my ways, and my long,  
weary days.  
For I never have had any pleasure,  
Nor a day of true joy while in Satan's  
employ.  
Yet I found Jesus took me with pleas-  
ure.

Brother Ibbotson.

"Silence is golden" said the coward to  
himself when the time to speak the need-  
ful brave word had passed. Verily, as a  
pearl in a pig's mouth, so is a proverb in  
the mouth of a fool.

To those who are like, all things are not  
only easy to be borne, but even to be  
gladly chosen. Their will is united to  
that which moves Heaven and earth,  
which gives laws to angels, and rules the  
course of the world. It is a wonderful  
gift of God to man, of which we that  
know so little must needs speak a little.  
To be at the centre of that motion, where  
is everlasting rest; to be sheltered in  
the peace of God; even now to dwell in  
Heaven, where all hearts are stayed, and  
all hopes fulfilled. "Thou shalt keep him  
in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on  
Thee."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the  
Salvation Army, Published by John  
M. C. Horn, E. A. Printing House,  
12 Albert Street, Toronto.